

## THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

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RED CLOUD, NEBRASKA.

### CAGES AND RHYMES.

Bliss your hearts, ye little birds,  
That you wake me from my slumber;  
Hail the dawn of a new day,  
Greet me from my pillow springing!

And the little birds sang on,  
Unceasingly with their piping;  
True and true, the birds sang,  
With their hymns the morning cheering.

For the darlings noticed not  
That I lay in bed and dreamed;  
Till their little feet were caught  
In the threads that closely bound them.

Every morn (I thought) their song  
Should a thrill of joy send through me;  
And of happiness the deep  
Secret they would whisper to me.

Ah! my golden pillow found—  
Say, what stillness has come o'er you?  
In a golden pillow found—  
Pleasant food and drink before you!

But no answer did they give,  
Pecking wildly at the wire;  
And no morning serene  
Can I win for love or hire.

Many a grand and stately thought  
Round my mind's wheel would flutter,  
Which, with sweet and low and brain,  
Caught in rhyme, I fain would utter.

But so stiff and dead they seemed,  
That these fancies were all—  
Never they would have dreamed  
From a human heart came singing.

—Hudson Transcript.

### WHY?

Why does the bud that is near to its breaking  
Wake sweeter smiles than the full-blown rose?  
Why does the dream on the verge of awaking  
Stride deeper truths than a deeper repose?

Why does the love that is broken with parting  
Lift higher light by the fullness of pain?  
Why is the music that is so full of starting  
Close to completion we never attain?

Why? For a boundless, unsatisfied longing  
Lies deepest down in a warm human heart;  
Ever with this the sympathies thronging,  
Ever by this do the heaven-dreams start.

Grow with our spring—we can follow you  
Wholly  
Only as far as its instincts are sent;  
Summer's fact that is so holy,  
We have not seen it—we are not content.

### PRINCE KAMOUTSINE'S WAGER.

[From the French of Henry Greville.]

Though for seven or eight years  
Prince Kamoutsine, one of the most  
brilliant officers of the Imperial Guard,  
had been conspicuous at reviews, recep-  
tions and official balls, he had attained  
to nothing but the position of a Captain  
and the reputation of the most ac-  
complished connoisseur of practical jokes  
in all the Russian. Twice his talents  
had been recognized by banishment from  
court, and he had received from  
very high authority a strong hint that  
in peace there was nothing so becoming  
as a modest meekness and humility.

But on a young fellow like Kamoutsine  
even such a warning as this was  
wasted. If it cost him his rank, his  
honors and his fortune he must be up  
and "doing" some one, and no victim  
was considered worthy of his attention  
who was not a personage of importance.

It was not long therefore that he re-  
sented from the Emperor Nicholas, who had  
but an indifferent sense of humor, an in-  
junction to pass a month on his estates  
in the country, "where he would have  
leisure for reflection."

Kamoutsine had three days allowed  
him wherein to settle his affairs and  
reach his country seat, distant from the  
capital a day's posting. He began by  
spending two days by saying good-by to  
his friends. A guard of honor of  
four gentlemen had been promised him,  
a precaution justified by his antecedents,  
for he had passed one term of  
"exile" at a ball, and another at a dinner,  
to the knowledge and with the connivance  
of his fellow-guardsmen.

It was on the evening of the second  
day that he presented himself at the  
mansion of the Countess Dameroff, one  
of the reigning beauties of the Court.  
"You will not be surprised," she  
said, with some surprise, "after a  
ten minutes' visit he rose to go."

"A thousand thanks, but really I  
couldn't, unless you were to include my  
gendarmes in the invitation."

"Your gendarmes?"

"Yes, a body-guard that I owe to the  
Emperor's majesty, and suddenly  
asked, 'You will not be surprised, after a  
ten minutes' visit he rose to go.' In an  
hour the five of us will be whirling—by  
which I mean gliding—towards my an-  
cestral domain of Kamoutsine. The  
sleighing is delightful and I shall reach  
home to-morrow night in time for dinner."

"You poor fellow!" said the Countess,  
laughing heartily, "how silly of you to  
go and get yourself banished just at  
carnival time! You won't be here for  
the ball of the Governor of the fortress."

"The Governor's ball—the devil! I  
had forgotten about it. And it is to-  
morrow night?"

"To-morrow night at 10 o'clock. I  
shall be dancing—not with you. Don't  
be moved to go out and hang yourself  
at the thought."

Kamoutsine twisted his mustache  
pensively for a moment, and suddenly  
asked, "You will not be surprised, after a  
ten minutes' visit he rose to go." And  
every body else. The new Gov-  
ernor entertains for the first time, he  
has just arrived from Kutak and the  
balls he gave there were something  
wonderful. I expect we shall have a  
splendid time. The Imperial family  
are all to be present."

"Countess," said Kamoutsine tenderly,  
leaning over her chair, "will you do me  
the honor of dancing the first waltz  
with me?"

"You are mad," said the Countess,  
shrinking back.

"Not more than usual. I repeat  
my question, for you have not yet an-  
swered it; will you do me—"

"But, my dear Prince, by that time  
you will have reached your country seat  
and be sleeping the sweet sleep that fol-  
lows a long winter journey. Your ven-  
erable housekeeper will have made your  
bed and you will be fast asleep."

"The fascinating peasant interior  
you have sketched is founded, Countess,  
on the hypothesis that I shall be at my  
country seat. But if I should happen  
not to be there, but instead should be at  
the Governor's, will you give me the  
first waltz?"

A little moved, the Countess looked  
narrowly at her interlocutor; he was in  
earnest, a thing that so rarely happened  
that she was touched by it.

"Yes," she said, "I will."

"Keep it for me, remember; when  
the music strikes up I shall be there to  
claim it."

know you will pay if you lose. A wa-  
ger it is then, and so farwell till to-  
morrow night."

Kamoutsine brushed with his mus-  
tache the Countess's white wrist above  
the glove and vanished ere she could  
speak.

As he had said, his gendarmes were  
in waiting at his quarters and a closed  
and covered kibitka was standing at the  
door. The Prince entered it without look-  
ing back, and a servant entered to  
grumble exceedingly, but inwardly, as  
was his duty in the presence of their  
superior, for Kamoutsine, for all that he  
was their prisoner, was none the less  
their hierarchical superior.

The voyage was prodigiously enlivened  
by accidents. The Prince's valet,  
who had been sent on in advance as  
courier, had certainly been drunk or  
mad, for at every station all went wrong  
—no horses were in waiting, postillions  
couldn't be found, and not a morsel of  
food was obtainable. It was not until  
2 in the morning that an affirmative  
reply was received to the eternal ques-  
tion, "Any thing to eat?" and Kamout-  
sine, who until then had been sleeping  
soundly within the kibitka, came out,  
rubbing his eyes, and jovially invited  
his guards to sup with him.

The repast was sumptuous. The host  
served up great mugs of Kvass that  
sparkled like champagne. In fact it was  
champagne, slightly modified to suit  
the occasion. Kamoutsine pressed upon  
the gendarmes the contents of his brandy-  
flask, charged with pure alcohol, and in  
20 minutes, what the sudden transition  
from the icy air without to the stifling  
atmosphere within, the force of their  
stomachs by their long fast and the  
ingeniously compounded liquors to which  
they had been copiously treated, the  
four guards were snoring on—or, to  
speak more accurately, under the table.

Making the sign of the cross over the  
four sleepers, their slumber might be  
free from bad dreams, the Prince took  
his pipe and valve, and stepping to the  
door entered a peasant's sledge that was  
in waiting. The horse, though he looked  
a mere rick of bones, set out at  
once at a rapid trot; relays were wait-  
ing at every post-house, and at 6 o'clock  
the morning Kamoutsine re-entered the  
city which the evening before he had  
quitted.

Before the door of the restaurant  
where he had, as has been recited, passed  
one term of banishment, a kibitka  
was in waiting, battered and travel-  
stained as it was from a long journey. It  
had been sent to the restaurant to do  
his uniform and donned a civilian's  
garb, then entered the vehicle, his faith-  
ful valet seated beside him, and with bells  
jingling and whip cracking drove to the  
fortress and halted just before the door  
of the Governor.

Out sprang the lackeys as if to wel-  
come a long-expected and distinguished  
guest. "Announce His Excellency's  
nephew!" said the Prince as he leisurely  
ascended the stairs, up which the  
officious servants had scurried, contend-  
ing for the honor of bearing his valise  
and coat.

"My dear nephew!" cried the Gov-  
ernor, embracing him tenderly, "welcome,  
welcome! We have been expect-  
ing you for a whole week."

"You will forgive my delay, dear un-  
cle," answered the young man, "when I  
explain—"

"Yes—yes, of course. Bless my soul,  
how you have changed! I'd never have  
known you. You must be worn out."

"I have traveled 72 hours without  
resting so as to reach you the sooner—"

"Poor fellow—come and have a cup  
of tea and rest at breakfast. Your  
valet is in bed. You know we gave  
a ball to-night."

"A ball! I didn't know it; but in  
traveling costume I can't—"

"Didn't you bring your dress suit  
with you?"

"Of course, but it is in the baggage I  
left behind me when I pushed on."

"Well, then, we'll order one from  
the tailor's and it'll be ready this evening.  
St. Petersburg is different from Odessa,  
you know," and the worthy Governor  
led his pseudo nephew to the dining-  
room, where Kamoutsine had not to be  
bidden twice to attack the smoking vi-  
and victuals.

"Dear Lord!" said the General, gaz-  
ing fondly on the young man, "how  
you have changed! I should never  
have known you, and yet in profile you  
are the very image of your poor moth-  
er."

"So they have always said, uncle;  
but of course I can not decide that  
point."

"No, no; of course not. The last  
time I saw you you were a young shaver  
just the height of this table—5 years  
old, I think."

"Four years and eight months, I was,  
uncle."

"You were, so you were. I recollect  
now. And your great-aunt Eliza-  
beth?"

"Why, of course, and I was an old  
ass not to remember it. Your room is  
ready; go and take a good, sound sleep."

"And what if I sleep all day, as I feel  
very much like doing at this instant?"

"Never mind how long you sleep, so  
long as you are ready for the ball to-  
night. Give your clothes to the serv-  
ant; he will take them to the tailor and  
have a dress-suit built for to-night."

In his room and in bed, Kamoutsine  
drew from his pocket book beneath his  
pillow a letter he had received two days  
before and the contents of which had in-  
spired him with the idea of the part he  
was now playing.

"We had no end of fun," wrote a fel-  
low-guardian from Moscow, "with a  
nephew of the Governor's from Odessa.  
Some of our fellows have plucked him  
at cards, and as he lost more money than  
he had with him he has placed himself in  
paw till his remittances arrive from Odessa.  
He has a mortal terror of his distinguished  
relative at St. Petersburg, whom he has  
never seen since the days of his innocent  
childhood, and would sooner die than  
let the old gentleman know he has let  
himself into a scrape. We visit him regu-  
larly and feed his terror with ingenious  
romances. At the way the mails go  
I fancy we have 10 days' good fun with  
him before we are he receives his remit-  
tances."

"In 10 days," said Kamoutsine to  
himself, as he tranquilly refolded the  
paper, "I shall be in Siberia, proba-  
bly. Meanwhile let me sleep."

He slept soundly, and at dinner-time  
he had his meal sent to his room under  
the pretext of fatigue, then dressing him-  
self leisurely in the suit provided for him,  
and which even he admitted was quite  
a passable fit, he seated himself at the  
window to watch the carriages drive up  
and pour upon the reception platform a  
torrent of velvet, satin, silk, lace, jewels  
and uniforms, to hear the clashing of  
plate and porcelain in the supper-room  
and reflected sadly that he should not

be among the banqueters; then he heard  
the orchestra tuning up, and on the  
stroke of 10 there came a tap at his door,  
and a servant entered to tell him  
Kamoutsine's compliments, that it was  
time to go down to the ball-room.

Down the red cloth-covered staircase  
went Kamoutsine with the leisurely pace  
befitting a member of the family, and  
entered the salon just as the national  
anthem announced the arrival of the  
Emperor. With one rapid glance he  
singled out the Countess Dameroff, who,  
somewhat pale and a trifle uneasy, kept  
her eyes fixed upon the grand entrance,  
and obtained from his uncle the honor  
of a presentation. The Countess  
bowed, but did not bestow a glance on  
the young provincial; her eyes were in  
search of a guardman.

As the last notes of the anthem died  
away, the orchestra struck up a waltz  
by Strauss.

"Permit the General's nephew to  
claim the execution of your promise,"  
said the Prince, whirling the stupefied  
Countess away.

"Bless me, how odd you look in  
muff!" said the young woman, with a  
burst of laughter, to her partner,  
though he felt her tremble as she re-  
cognized his voice.

Round the great salon they went, and  
at every turn Kamoutsine encountered  
the astonished eyes of an acquaintance  
who had recognized him, and a perfectly  
audible babble and laugh began to run  
through the hall. As the Prince led his  
partner back to her seat he pressed  
lightly the tips of her fingers and whis-  
pered, "I have won my wager and will  
claim it whenever the authorities  
permit me."

The Countess blushed but made no  
answer.

"I risked my head, as you did me the  
honor to remark last night; of course  
you will pay?"

"I will try, if it is any thing in reason."

"I will be generous," he answered  
with a smile, "good-by."

He bowed and hurried away, but on  
his passage towards the door was seized  
by the General and hurried towards the  
Minister of Police.

"Permit me, your Excellency," said  
the General, "to present my nephew  
from Odessa, and commend him to your  
good offices."

"Delighted, I'm sure," murmured  
the Minister, mechanically, but ere he  
had glanced at the General's protégé,  
Kamoutsine was lost in the crowd.

"Excuse his rudeness, but he's a little  
countryified," said the General, apolo-  
getically.

At that instant a scard-looking A. D.  
C. hurried up to the Minister and stam-  
mered:

"Your Excellency, the Emperor  
wishes to see you—His Majesty is fur-  
ious!"

"Kamoutsine is here!" said the Em-  
peror, in a tone of very reverse of  
amiable, when the Minister reached his  
presence.

"Your Majesty, is it possible?"

"Kamoutsine is here, mind you. Ar-  
rest him immediately, and find out who  
presented him."

The Minister hurried to the General.  
"Kamoutsine is here—have him ar-  
rested."

"Kamoutsine? Who is Kamoutsine?"

"The young man that was banished."

Be quick about it! The Emperor is  
withering!"

"Great Heaven!" cried the host,  
lifting his hands in horror, "and this  
my first ball! Kamoutsine is here!" he  
shouted to the first official he could find,  
"Arrest him and find out who dared to  
bring him here."

The official hurried away and gave the  
alarm. "Kamoutsine!" "Where's  
Kamoutsine?" "Have you seen Kamout-  
sine?" became the general cry.

"I saw him waltzing with the Countess  
Dameroff," said somebody.

They sought out the Countess.  
"Madame, you were waltzing with  
Kamoutsine. The Emperor is raging!  
Who brought him here?"

"I didn't; bless the Emperor's heart,  
and as for dancing, the only living  
being I have danced with to-night was  
the Governor's nephew, a young gen-  
tleman from Odessa. Oh, here is the  
Governor! General, didn't you intro-  
duce your nephew to the Emperor?"

"Certainly, but it isn't my nephew  
we're talking about—it's Kamoutsine I  
want to find. The Emperor is fairly  
beside himself. Who brought him  
here?"

The Countess shrugged her white  
shoulders and turned away, tapping her  
forehead with her finger, as if in doubt  
of the General's sanity. At the same  
instant the Minister of Police  
swooped down on the unhappy host.

"The Emperor is furious!"

"I know he is—I know he is."

"And you are not ashamed of your-  
self to lend yourself to this abominable  
pleasure?"

"But, Your Excellency, I don't un-  
derstand—"

"I tell you the Emperor is wild about  
it!" cried the Minister with a withering  
look as he bounced away.

Finally a young A. D. C., taking pity  
on his chief, whispered to him: "Your  
Excellency, it was you that brought  
Kamoutsine."

"If you impertinent young jackanapes,  
what do you mean?" shouted the  
General, who thought this was a little  
too much, especially from a subaltern.

"You presented him to the Countess  
Dameroff," the young officer insisted.

"Nothing of the sort. The only per-  
son I presented to her was my nephew."

"But don't you see that wasn't  
your nephew at all? That was Kamout-  
sine. So you can understand that  
the Emperor is furious."

"Triple idiot, that I was!" said the  
General, sinking down upon a bench  
and clasping his head in his hands; "it  
struck me at the time that there wasn't  
a particle of resemblance."

Thus it became known how Kamout-  
sine got into the ball-room, but it was  
not so easy to find how he got out of  
it. He had evaporated, with the new  
dress-suit, but had had the generosity  
to leave on the table of the room he had  
occupied a letter concerning the Gen-  
eral. It was speedily discovered and  
carried to the Emperor, who conde-  
scended to laugh, to restore the Gen-  
eral to favor and to remark that the trick  
had been very neatly played.

But the imperial pardon did not ex-  
tend to the audacious perpetrator of it.  
The police were hunting St. Pe-  
tersburg high and low for him, but no  
trace of him was to be found, and it was  
not for 24 hours that it occurred to them  
to look for Kamoutsine at his country-  
seat. On arriving there they found him  
surrounded by his family portraits, sip-  
ping his coffee and reading a foreign re-  
view.

"You have been guilty of grave dis-  
respect to the Emperor!" said the po-  
lice official.

"If How? In what?"

"In going to the Governor's ball."

"O, come now, don't make fun of an  
unhappy exile. I have been here these  
last two days in compliance with the  
terms of my severe and unmerited sen-  
tence."

"You got your gendarmes drunk."

"My gendarmes got themselves  
drunk."

"You got them intoxicated and gave  
them the slip."

"Calumny—nothing but calumny! When  
I saw that they were too drunk  
to travel I came on alone. It was hu-  
milating for an officer and a noble to  
be escorted like a common thief."

"In spite of your banishment from  
the capital, you presented yourself at  
the Governor's."

"Who stuffed you with all this?"

"Stuffed? Nobody! Thirty people  
saw and recognized you! Then Pro-  
vidence, to rebuke the growing scepticism  
of the age, has worked a miracle. They  
must have been the victims of some ex-  
traordinary illusion, for as all my people  
can testify, I have not been outside of  
these doors for the last two days."

"Well, well, perhaps they were," said  
the officer, whose own confidence began  
to be shaken; "but my orders are to  
bring you back to St. Petersburg."

Kamoutsine looked coldly at his stupe-  
fied interlocutor.

"This is a pleasant air," he said  
sternly, "and it is in the worst of taste,  
but I see nothing for it but to submit."

He allowed them to conduct him back  
to the capital, retaining such a consist-  
ent expression of injured innocence that  
his guards remained ever afterwards  
convinced that this reserved and digni-  
fied young man had been sadly treated.

The Emperor had condescended to  
laugh, and Kamoutsine got off with three  
months' detention in a fortress—happily  
not in that of St. Petersburg, for the  
Governor never forgave his pseudo-  
nephew.

I never heard what the Prince's wager  
was nor whether the Countess paid it.  
—New York Times.

**HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.**

**Indian Cake.**—2 cups of cornmeal,  
1 cup of flour, 2 cups of sugar, 1 egg,  
soda to sweeten, 1 egg.

**Scotch Cake.**—1 pound of brown sugar,  
1 pound of flour, 1 pound of butter,  
2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon; roll  
very thin and bake.

**Pearl Cake.**—1 cup of butter, 2 cups  
sugar, 2 cups flour, 1 cup cornstarch,  
1 cup sweet milk, whites of 6 eggs, 1  
spoonful of soda and 1 spoonful of  
cream-tartar.

**Jack-o'-Buns.**—1 cup of butter, 1 cup  
sugar, 3 cups flour, 2 eggs, 4  
cups of flour, 1 teaspoon soda. This  
batter will be quite soft; dip it up with  
a spoon and shape it as you like in the  
pan.

**Light Butter.**—14 cups of white sugar,  
whites of 3 eggs, yolk of 1, grated  
rind and juice of a lemon and a half, or  
2 small ones; cook over a slow fire 20  
minutes, stirring all the while. Very  
nice for tarts, or to be eaten as pre-  
serves.

**Lemon Fudge.**—1 good-sized lemon, grate  
the rind and squeeze the juice; 1 cup  
of cold water, 3 cups of sugar, 1 cup  
of 3 eggs, and 1 cup of sugar; mix all  
together, pour on the crust, and bake;  
when done add the white of eggs with a  
little sugar, and brown.

**Yeast Cakes.**—Boil a half of hops;  
pour on Indian meal sufficient to make  
stiff dough; when cool enough not to  
scald yeast put in a cupful; mix well.  
If you prefer a more tender cake, mix  
immediately put meal on molding-  
board, set in shade in airy place to dry;  
turn every day till dry.

**Light Paste for Tarts.**—Beat the white  
of an egg to a strong froth; then mix it  
with as much water as will make 3  
pounds of fine flour into a stiff paste;  
roll it very thin, then lay the third part  
of half a pound of butter on it in lit-  
tle bits; dredge it with some flour roll  
it out at first, and roll it up tight. Roll  
it out again, and put the same proportion  
of butter; and so proceed till all be  
worked up.

**To Boil Onions.**—Peel medium-sized  
white onions and let them stand in cold  
water 1 hour; then put them in boiling  
water, and boil 15 minutes; pour  
out this water and put in more boiling  
water, and cook till soft; then pour off  
the water and put in a little milk; sea-  
son with butter and salt, and let them  
cook in the milk about 5 minutes; thick-  
en the gravy with a little flour and a  
dash of water.

This way of cooking will make the  
onions tender and soft as well as in-  
side.

**Snow Fudding.**—Soak 1 ounce of gel-  
atine in 1 pint of cold water for 10 mi-  
nutes; place the same over the fire; stir  
and remove as soon as dissolved, and  
when nearly cold beat to a stiff froth  
with an egg-whisk; beat the whites of  
3 eggs to a stiff froth and add the gel-  
atine froth, together with the juice of  
3 lemons and pulverized sugar to suit  
the taste, and mix the whole well to-  
gether; next pour into molds to cool;  
serve with a soft custard made of the  
yolks of the eggs.

**Yolk Cakes.**—Rub 1 pound of butter  
into a quart of dried flour, then beat  
2 eggs with 2 teaspoonfuls of sifted  
sugar, and 2 teaspoonfuls of yeast;  
pour this mixture into the middle of  
the flour, adding a pint of warm milk  
as you mix it, beat it up with the hand  
until it comes off without sticking, and  
set it to rise, before the fire, covered with  
a cloth; after make it up into cakes  
about 1/2 inch thick, set them on the  
plates to rise, before the fire, for 10  
minutes, and then bake in a slow oven.

**Lady Fingers.**—Take 4 eggs, separate  
the whites from the yolks; beat the  
whites by themselves to a stiff froth,  
then add gradually the yolks and beat  
them together for a long time; add by  
degrees 1 pound of powdered sugar,  
beating it in very hard, and the juice  
of a lemon or an orange; lastly, stir in  
1 pound of sifted flour, a little at a  
time. Stir the whole very hard. With  
a spoon lay it on sheets of white paper  
in oblong shapes, taking care that you  
do not place them too close. Grate  
loaf sugar over them to assist in keep-  
ing them in shape. Have a quick oven  
ready, and bake immediately; they will  
take but a few moments, and should be  
slightly colored.

The following are a few of the re-  
cent victims to careless handling of fire-  
arms: Charles Hill, aged 19, son of  
Capt. C. A. Hill of Jones, Ill.; Charles  
H. Tammann, a gunsmith of Dixon,  
Ill.; Wm. Rodbourne, a young man of  
Bloomington, Ill.; Matthew Dempsey,  
aged 18, of Youngstown, O.; John  
Ransom of Storm Lake, Iowa; W. D.  
Simmons, a well known citizen of  
Longview, Texas.

At Springfield, Ill., the other day,  
one of the members of the Legislature  
was complaining of his room at the ho-  
tel, and saying how barren it was of the  
ordinary conveniences of life. "Why,"  
said he, with indignation, "there isn't  
even a Bible to what your room on?"

### FASHION NOTES.

A pretty in-door dress is the French  
waist with full belt, apron overskirt,  
and simple skirt with one or two flounces,  
cut so as to clear the ground. With  
these are worn either aprons of silk or  
maison.

Never let the charming and simple  
house-dress descend into a wrapper, or  
any other careless substitute; at home,  
of all places, the wife should dress  
neatly, attractively, both for her hus-  
band and children.

The favorite material for hats is the  
fine French chip. Many of them are  
caught up on one side and filled in with  
rooses, or dropped over the face and  
caught up on both sides and filled in  
with shirring and brocade of satin.

One of the prettiest combinations  
for evening wear is black satin or gren-  
adine and gold embroidery. Broad  
passanteries, beaded with fine-cut  
jet, and the tufted crimped fringes are  
the most elegant trimmings for silk and  
satin dresses.

Broad shades of black velvet ribbon  
are worn by young ladies, and are fast-  
ened at the back of the waist with a  
scarf-pin instead of being tied. It's  
hopeful that only slender figures will at-  
tempt this revival of an old fashion.

Roses and loops of pearls are worn  
in the hair as well as at the throat, and  
they need not be confined to full-dress  
occasions. The double handkerchiefs  
of silk are gathered at the left side with  
a long spray of roses or carnations.

An egrette, a bow, or an ivory  
comb, placed high on the side of the  
head, adds considerably to the appear-  
ance of height. Those of short stature  
should adopt this hint, instead of wear-  
ing that instrument of torture, the  
"high-wheel."

Shawl-bag slides are made of oxy-  
dized silver, gold, crystal and plain  
gold. They are used to fasten the lace  
shawl at the back when worn in any way  
around the head. They are particu-  
larly pretty for the Spanish laces now used  
for head drapery.

Gray in its different shades prom-  
ises to be the prevailing color, both  
here and in Paris, this season. They  
are made short, with kilt-plaited skirt,  
basque or polonaise. They have a  
garment of ribbons, and bright-colored  
silk are used as pipings and facings.

For ordinary wear are shown Jack-  
ets of light-colored cloth. These are  
made with a true tailor cut and are fin-  
ished on the edge with two rows of ma-  
chine stitching. Pocket are placed on  
the hips, and horn buttons are gener-  
ally used on these garments.

Soft crowned satin and lace hats  
will be much worn, also shirred hats  
and crowns, almost like the Normandy  
hat, that should belong exclusively to  
the children; this style of hat when  
worn by grown people seems like an in-  
fringement of the children's right.

Correspondence cards are much  
used, and come in nearly every style  
and fancy. Some are fairly like Japan-  
ese fans, in blue and pink, embossed  
in coral and gold. Others are an  
exact picture of a peacock, even to hav-  
ing all of its unruffled colors repro-  
duced.

To make black dresses look more  
springlike, make the vests, revers, col-  
lars and facings of white and black  
striped silk or satin, the stripes about  
three-fourths of an inch wide. Some  
use the old gold and black stripes, but  
this seems a little too pronounced for the  
street.

Hand painted dresses are "the  
rage," and now hand painted bands of  
silk, satin and velvet, are used as trim-  
mings of dresses. A hand painted  
dress, if counted as a hat, probably will  
bear the same relation to the toilet that  
the camel's hair shawl and diamonds  
used in the "olden times."

Never was lace used as much as at  
the present time. Both black and white  
Breton lace is made into collarettes and  
fichus. A blonde can wear black lace  
in any profusion and will find it becom-  
ing, but the deep yokes and long fronts  
better suited for the brunettes' dark hair  
and complexion.

One of the London amusements is  
color dances, where all the ladies ap-  
pear in dresses of one shade, selected by  
the hostess and mentioned in the invita-  
tion. Of course she selects the shade  
most becoming to herself, but the next  
day she will then be the envy of all  
your guests.

Few women understand, not even  
those "well up" in the arts of artistic  
dressing, the refining influence of soft  
folds of lace used as ornamentation of  
the bodice or dress. The charm of old  
costumes is the profusion of lace that  
as worn as it is down the front of the  
dress and at the neck and waist, soft-  
ening and toning down harsh outlines of  
face or figure.

In these days of fashion, when rules  
and colors are not arbitrary, a woman  
has no right to go illy dressed, or to  
wear incongruous colors. The cheap-  
est prints have well blended colors and  
stylish figures. Any woman who wears  
"kinky" whatever can make a well fit-  
ting, stylish garment, by using any one  
of the paper patterns now for sale in  
even the smallest country village. Surely  
they would not be outdone by their  
foreign sisters, for paper patterns are  
now exported to all the foreign coun-  
tries—even to China, though as yet not  
many of them have adopted the Ameri-  
can style of dress.